THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

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MORDECAI DEACON, GEORGE PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1767.

Original Poetry.

A FABLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

The lily statue of the dame of the day,
And throne of the throne of the sun,
Lord which in the lily's cup sat enthroned her,
A woman that was continually resting that very
Forgot true love of passion, and only beauty

Not far from the vale whence the lily was born,
And grew in her beauty to see,
There was a fountain that sprang out of marble,
The two-making seem, and for mercy, not music,
Spouted four streams on four lions.

"Sometimes I don't they come to not every
night before I sleep! and don't I feel the
touch of their soft fingers upon my very cheek!
Harvey! I played with them, and sang through
their inspiration; yes, and this moment they
are by me!" she swept back her clustering
curls, and paused for longer across her fore-
head. "Harmony! I believe in them as I be-
lieve in God."

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wilder gleams that darted from her eyes. The
words had passed my lips, almost before I was
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her Doctor Henry do with this feeling?"

"Oh!" she cried, involuntarily, starting
back from where I stood, her beautiful face
filled with crimson, and looking as though all
that day she regained not her self-possession.
She could not look at me, her eyes were often-
filled with tears, she was absent, wretched—
her studies were neglected. Bitterly did I re-
proach myself, for had I been thought home
by the poor child's heart a sometimes that
I have unknowingly caused them before?

"I'm on those impulses," I said to myself,
"and again, why do I give way to them? I will school my lips hereafter,
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found that in my resolve I had written in
place of contention over one of the girl's music-
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it, quite indignant with myself for such care-
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and May is saved. Never my anything to me
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"But a word of caution to you, my cousin.
Betsy who holds the balance of our destiny in
His hands," I could not help saying; "all
depends upon her recovery, you know."

"What do you think now?" exclaimed
Estelle, with a look of triumph.

"Why?" I asked, quietly folding the note.

"Mr. Burton has written you—I knew she
would; and she told you what I have not
done by—"

I interrupted again to her brow as, taking
advantage of her momentary hesitation, I said:

"Doctor Henry, of course."

"Certainly he would, and why not?

"Estelle," I said gravely, laying my hand
on her shoulder, "do you think God has been
saving to do with this recovery? Are Doctor
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"Why, of course, God did it," she answered,
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"Oh! then, it is possible that you admit
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to stem evil, with her poetic temperament, and
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Where she had remained
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CHAPTER XII.

WILLIE SPIRITUAL TESTATIONS.

"Oh! dear Margery," cried Lily one even-
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"I am please. There! be silent now," and
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At this moment appeared Hiley. "Lucy," he said, with a look of mild reproval, "I fear May is sick."

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"A cold, Hiley! why my arm is burning
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whose class she most frequently recited, could
scarcely keep her in check. Every day she
brought some recent and brilliant exercise
which she called her "spirit compositions,"
either to give away to the scholars, who wan-
dered at and pedantic, or to show me how
were triumph.

"How is May?" I asked one morning, ex-
pecting to hear that the angel was in Heaven.

"Very sick, indeed," she answered, ear-
nestly; "Doctor Henry is with her, but I will
the vow't die."

"Estelle, how can you, a poor mortal, tell
that?" I asked, raising my eyes to hers, that
seemed to glitter feverishly.

"Because," she excitedly replied, "the
spirits have told me so."

"Estelle, no one could have such knowledge,
save the Father in Heaven," I said, rebuking-
ly. "I wonder you can believe in such non-
sense."

"Nonsense! don't they come to me every
night before I sleep! and don't I feel the
touch of their soft fingers upon my very cheek!
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"He is under the table," cried Lily in a whisper, almost choking with laughter, "and she has run and hit herself against the post, the
roller."

Presently a woolly creature emerged into
daylight; then the sheep face, looking about
in great bewilderment, and finally the look-
ing for Adelaide, petting and pouting, ex-
citedly. He shook his head, scrubbed it vigor-
ously, shook it again, seemed to be reasoning
with himself, while his great lips opened and
shut with spring-like precision. In another
moment Martha came slowly from the table;
her hands convulsively. An expression of ter-
ror grew additional ugliness to her broad face
as she cried, "It's Sam! I just knows it's Sam,
for he always was fond of going into the closet
after pickings, and there's the door open, for
sure, I'd bet anything he's gone and eat it all
up."

She!" cried Willie, with an action of most
vehement scorn, "spirits eats nothin' nor
nasnry in our wilderness. I tell you what!
Miss Martha, it's my private edition, dat it's
serving but de dabbit's work, as our special
preacher says."

"Preacher! what's frash! I ain't," exclaimed
Martha, her courage returning, and she seated
herself boldly at the table again.

"Just—ha!—come—come, go—for—den,"
cried Willie impressively, pointing his shaking
finger in the direction of the closet.

"No! I ain't going into no dark nornors; I
want the spirits to come right out here and
eat here in the fire. How I think of, likely
as not them was rats in there."

Miss Martha," re-joined Willie, solemnly,
seating himself on the extreme edge of the
chair, ashamed to be outdone in courage by a
girl and woman, and trembling, but he might be
ready to run, just touching the table with the
tips of his unique black fingers, "Miss Martha,
I just wants to ask you one question respecting
de rats; does dey casually rattle dishes in dat
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SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$2.50 if not paid in advance. For $3 we will send the Post one year to two persons, or two months to three new subscribers. The money to be sent in the city or near address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, one year,	$5.00 For Answers.
7 and one to the getter up of the Club,	$10 "
13 and one to the getter up of the Club,	$20 "
20 and one to the getter up of the Club,	$30 "

Persons residing in British North America must remit the amount in gold, or the equivalent in the paper currency, at par. Agents are allowed 25 per cent. on the publication price.

Answers to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may order new names to it at the same rate, the Club for better will close their subscriptions to end on the same time those of the name first on. If a club willingly supply the back numbers at the same time. Our object is to have all the subscriptions close with the end of the month—and this prevent confusion.

The Home Club rates must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters are often sending for Clubs, and would confer a favor by letting them know the address, when they are to be commenced.

The papers in Clubs are forwarded to the address of the organizer of the period for which they have subscribed.

A Post Arrangement.—Our subscribers will also better that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

If persons subscribing letter to us should be careful to give the name of the Post-Office in the town, in which they live. All letters from all parts should be

Remittances relating their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office to which it is hereafter sent to.

We trust that each of our old friends of the Post, Saturday, we do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer therefore, and hope that Postmasters to other Postmasters, and responsible persons who will be willing to take them, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who may chance to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its twenty-second year, and has between 30,000 and 40,000 subscribers.

Upon the list of its contributors are enrolled the names of Mrs. Sigourney, Grace Greenwood, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Alice Carey, Mayne Victoria Fuller, &c. Mrs. Southworth and Grace Greenwood edit each for us alternate numbers.

Among the original productions already engaged for the present year, we may mention

The Curious Surveys, by Grace Greenwood.

Mark, the Sexton, by Mrs. Denison.

The Knave's Wife, by Grace Greenwood.

Marie Sherwin; or, The Cloud with a Silver Lining, by Mary Irving.

Vitia, a Story of Life's Struggle, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of Sketches, Comic Sketches and Letters, Poetry, Tales, Love Tales in our regular Novelettes, Dozen Selections from all sources, Anecdotes Amusing, Useful Facts, Humorous Incidents, Time or the Period and Home Matters. Right Side Up, Fashions, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, so far as our limits will allow, of the Times We Live In.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The Allies appear to be gaining the city of Sebastopol, inch by inch, and foot by foot. If we may judge of the issue of the battles, as given by those of the English and French, the garrison and their means must be greatly reduced. Constant fighting will ruin both men and horses—it is merely a selfish notion for the spoilsmen to say that we should not, as regards their interests, be glad that the cause of Justice and Liberal Institutions really demands that Russia be kept with her already extensive dominions, then for an selfish consideration like those to which we have alluded, should have the least influence in determining to what party we should, as Republicans, give our sympathies and hopes.

As to the ultimate result of the conflict, we have little doubt. That there has been great mismanagement on the part of the English commissariat and Government, we do not deny—but was we remember that in the opening of our second war with Great Britain, the latter had a played about equal incapability. We had a number of old generals to get rid of, and England too has the same.

As to the resources of the opposing parties, there can be little now much the greater. The population of England, Scotland, Ireland and France—saying nothing of Turkey—is nearly equal to that of all of the "Holy Alliance." In addition, England has a large population in her colonies, and the aid of the Porte, taking the whole country through, and all its dependencies, like has been "some, and some line" institutions, we know—but no have we. On the whole, as to war and her Republican cousins, there is probably about six of the one half-a-dozen of the other.

Viewing the present war as a contest between the despotic principles of Kaiser and the more liberal ones of Western Europe for supremacy—a contest governed by the ever remembrance of the former, through a long series of years, beginning with the partition of Poland—we believe that the very existence of Free Institutions in Europe, so far as they do exist, would be put in jeopardy by the triumph of the Czar.

As to the alliance with Austria, it probably has proved of more benefit to her than it will ever deem it. It is very easy to say:—Make it a war of Religion, and more especially of Politics; rouse the People; defy the reigning houses of Austria and Prussia as well as King Bomba;" but, with the experience of 1848, wisdom and prudent statesmen would do this? Did not the events of that year go far to prove the impolicy of such violent resolutions? Do not the sudden overthrow of affairs in the old order and reform were banished—but not until a half-governmental, the Kossuths fell through sheer incompetency? The people pondered—and rightly, too, even the King Stork to the King right and reason—but not to the King usurpment, to no government or ability at all. Why go through the same farce again?—supposing that the people of Austria and Germany wish to go through it, which we greatly doubt.

We do not deny that violent Revolutions may sometimes be needful, but as a general rule we are opposed to them. The people produce changes in the structure of society, are not brought about suddenly, or are making a move gradually made. A people plunged at once into Freedom, is like a boy thrown for the first time into the water: if not cast a pilot never brought at once into the open ocean—from the factory displays of a dungeon. All experience favors the idea that great changes should be made slowly—the boy should be first taught to swim in shallow water, the pilot never gradually brought to the light of day. Every change is secure that is lasting, be gradual and permanent in gradual—from the growth of the lowest vegetable to the growth of man. Nature ignores the leaps of time into existence at once—but the Creator told first, Let there be Light upon the face of the deep. And the manner of Europe tend in the first place Light, that they may learn how, slowly and peacefully, to contend for their rights—and that Light, it seems to us, they will get from no other source if not from England.

With those views upon the subject, we confess we cannot but deeply regret the course of a large portion of the American press. Before the war began, they lauded England and France with fulsomeness to the point of Jingism and Freedom, because they did not interfere to protect Turkey from the grasp of Russia. Now that England and France have gone to war, they would have denounced it as a piece of the most contemptible selfishness and extortion, if they did not do so. Now that they will not his memory as to the loss of the Crimea, they

COMPENSATION.

Jesus.—To every one who renounces for my sake houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, he shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.

Judas.—Lord, behold, here is thy talent, which I have kept laid up in a napkin. For I feared thee, because thou art an austere man: thou takest up that thou layedst not down, and reapest that thou didst not sow.

Jesus.—Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knowest that I reap where I sow not, and gather where I have not strewed; why then didst thou not put my money to the exchangers, and at my coming I should have received mine own with usury?

Judas.—Lord, I knew that thou wast a hard man, and therefore I was afraid.

Jesus.—Take away the talent from him, and give it to him that hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away from him.

THE LENGTH OF HUMAN LIFE.

Dr. Farr, in his Statistical Report to Government on the subject, from which we extract the following interesting particulars:

Infancy proves cause or the most destructive than the second touching in consequence.

The ... of accidental diseases, from exposure to ... and the ... of ... and ... of ... and ... of ... and

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

General News.

NEWS BY THE PACIFIC.

Lord Eagle, whose name a number of de-

Under date of May 15th, he says: "The war-like preparations of the Emperor of the French are pushed forward with great energy. Not only are the regiments in the city of Paris to be filled up to their war complement, but the whole army is to be placed on a war footing. The Government intend a flag of truce to be sent to Vienna, to ask for the recall of the ambassador, who left the night before he was to have had an audience, and who was not given his passports.

May 16.—The enemy made a north bid for victory on the advanced works of the Malakoff, but were repulsed with great loss. Our losses were small. The conduct of the French was admirable. Our line remained intact, and they were taken prisoners.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.—Anticipations in Constantinople, in the Conseils de Recrutes, in the Bourse, and in the Cafes, are all on the tip-toe of expectation. The Congress is to assemble in Switzerland. Its end is to be considered as by the Allied Powers.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT.—The Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, left London on the 18th, in the Victoria and Albert steamer, and reached Boulogne at 5 o'clock, P. M. The entrance of the harbor was lined with the French fleet, and the Emperor received her Majesty on board the Imperial yacht, with his corps of theatricals, with the Empress and Prince Imperial, and the Prince of Wales. Great festivities on the same board, the Queen and Emperor toasting each other. The Queen left Boulogne for Paris, the meeting place to be at Amiens from Boulogne. The meeting place to be at Amiens from Boulogne. The meeting place to be at Amiens from Boulogne. The

Selected Poetry.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

BUSINESS, INDEED! THE WRETCH!

Master of the House. "Oh! Mary! what is there for dinner to-day?"

Mary. "I will, sir, sir, it's cold mutton, sir."

Master of the House. "H'm! Oh! tell your mistress, when she comes in, that I most positively be detained in the city on business—and she is on no account to wait dinner for me."

Selected Sketch.

IRVING'S WASHINGTON.

The first volume of The Life of Washington, by Washington Irving, is now in Putnam's press, and will shortly be published. Mr. Irving introduces his volume with an account of the Washington family. Although not of titled interest, it presents several curious and quaint features. Washington was of an ancient English stock, the genealogy of which has been traced up to the great-grandfather of the Revolutionary Washington. William de Hertburn, Bishop of Durham in the Conqueror's time, had the grandson of this Bishop, having married one of the nieces and heiresses of Mr. Adolphus Philipps, a rich landholder, assumed his name and arms. He lived in the north of the Hudson. At the house of Mr. Lawrence Washington, whose daughter he afterwards married, he met Miss Mary Philipps, sister and co-heiress of Mrs. Robinson, a young lady whose personal attractions are said to have strongly but repeatedly won.

We have already noticed the letters of Washington's early sensibility to female charms. A little specimen of romantic sentiment and courtship of the sweet part in the wilderness of the frontier, far from female society—but left behind in the heart of the backwoodsman of the tender sentiment; but made him more accustomed to the refinements of society, and more desirous of its pleasures. Washington's early love, however, is to us interesting, as it gives a new and social life, to the attractions of an elegant woman, brought up in the polite circle of New York.

That he was an open admirer of Miss Philipps' beauty and accomplishments, and that his attentions were not altogether unwelcome, is evident from the following letter, which, however, seems to us to disturb his otherwise heavy, solemn and serious air to flatter his vanity, and to make him really sedulous. We also perceive that the writer's love of intelligence we have no positive means of ascertaining, but we know that he was a man of considerable information, and that he had received a more ordinary education than was usual with him at that time.

The letter is dated from Belvoir, the residence of his friend, Colonel George Fairfax, and is addressed to Miss Philipps, who was then on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Robinson, at Fredericksburg, about twenty miles distant from Belvoir:

Belvoir, Sept. 12, 1758.

DEAR SIR:—Your polite compliance with my request in favoring me with a line or two before you left Belvoir, deserved my thanks, and should have received them sooner, had I not been in hopes of seeing you here again before this time. I am sorry for the occasion of your journey to Fredericksburg, as I am sensible Mrs. Robinson must be very much afflicted at the loss of her child, and stands in need of the consolation of her friends to support her under it. I am, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

Tradition gives very different motives from those of business for his *tete-a-tete* sojourns in the latter city. He found there an early friend and school-mate, Beverly Robinson, son of John Robinson, speaker of the Virginia House of Burgesses. He was living happily and prosperously with a young and lovely wife, Miss Morris, having married one of the nieces and heiresses of Mr. Adolphus Philipps, a rich landholder, assumed his name and arms. He lived in the north of the Hudson. At the house of Mr. Lawrence Washington, whose daughter he afterwards married, he met Miss Mary Philipps, sister and co-heiress of Mrs. Robinson, a young lady whose personal attractions are said to have strongly but repeatedly won.

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Washington was now ordered by Sir John St. Clair, Deputy Quartermaster General of the forces under General Forbes, to repair to Williamsburg, and lay the state of the case before the Governor and Council. His aid-of-campaign at this time, attended by Bishop, the well-trained military servant who had served with him in General Braddock. It proved an eventful journey, though not in a military point of view. In Spotsylvania lay one of the Pamunkey, a branch of York River, he fell in company with a Mr. Chamberlayne, who lived in the neighborhood, and who, in the spirit of Virginian hospitality, claimed him as a guest. It was with difficulty Washington could be prevailed on to halt for dinner, so impatient was he to arrive at Williamsburg, and commence active service.

Among the guests at Mr. Chamberlayne's, was a young and blooming widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, daughter of Mr. John Dandridge, both of patrician names in the province. Her husband, John Parke Custis, had been dead about three years, leaving her with two young children and a large fortune. She is represented as being rather below the middle size, but extremely well-shaped, with an agreeable countenance, a lively, sparkling black eye, an animated, engaging manners, so captivating in Southern women. We are not informed whether Washington had ever seen her before, probably not during her widowhood, as during that time he had been almost constantly on the frontier. We have shown that, with all his gravity and reserve, he was quickly susceptible to female charms, and they may have had a greater effect upon him when thus casually encountered in fleeting moments snatched from the cares and perplexities and rude scenes of frontier warfare. At any rate his heart speedily seems to have been taken by surprise.

The dinner, which in those days was an entertainment that was protracted, ensued the day. Th' afternoon passed away like a dream. Bishop was promised to the orders he had received in halting; the hours passed in the dance, but for once Washington listened in the halls of duty. The lesson were unpremeditated, and it was not until the next morning that he was again in the saddle, spurring for Williamsburg. Bishop, the White House, the residence of Mrs. Custis, was in New Kent county at no great distance from the city, so that he had opportunities of visiting her in the intervals of business. His time for courtship, however, was very short during which he called him, and immediately to Winchester; but he feared, should he leave the matter in suspense, some rival might improve that night suggest him during his absence, in the case of Miss Custis, in New York. He improved, therefore, his brief opportunity to the utmost. The blooming widow had not been long in Williamsburg, engaged with that renown as consoling in the case of wounded hearts, as in that of wounded bosoms